Stew. Slaue thou hast slaine me, Villaine take my purse:
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my body,
And giue the Letters which thou findst about me
To *Edmund* Earle of Gloster, seeke him out, vpon
The British party: o vntimely death! death.

He dyes.

Edg. I know thee well, a seruiceable villaine,
As dutious to the vices of thy Mistris,
As badnesse would desire.

Glo. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe father, rest you, lets see his pockets,
These Letters that he speakes of may be my friends,
Hee's dead, I am only sorry he had no other deathsman.
Let vs see, leaue gentle wax, and manners blame vs not,
To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull.

A Letter.

Let your reciprocall vowes be remembred.
You haue many opportunities to cut him off.
If your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done: If he returne the Conqueror,
Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my Iayle,
From the loath'd warmth whereof deliuer me,
And supply the place for your labour.

Your wife (so I would say) & your affectionate seruant,

Gonorill.

Edg. O vndistinguisht space of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere in the sands
Thee Ile rake vp, the post vnsanctified
Of murtherous letchers, and in the mature time
With this vngracious paper strike the sight
Of the death practisd Duke, for him tis well,
That of his death and businesse I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad, how stiffe is my vilde sense,
That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling

Of

Of my huge sorrowes, bett
So should my thoughts be
And woes by wrong imagi
The knowledge of themsel

Edg. Giue me your hand
Farre off methinkes I heare
Come Father Ile bestow y

Enter Corde

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How shall I liue and worke
My life will be too short, a

Kent. To be acknowledg
All my reports go with the
Nor more, nor clipt, but so

Cor. Be better suited,
These weeds are memories
I prethee put them off.

Kent. Pardon me deere
Yet to be knowne shorten
My boone I make it that y
Till time and I thinke meet

Cor. Then be it so: my Lo

Doct. Madam sleepes sti

Cor. O you kinde Gods
Cure this great breach in h
The vntun'd and hurrying
Of this childe-changed Fa

Doct. So please your Mai
He hath slept long.

Cor. Be gouern'd by yo
Ith sway of your owne wil

Doct. I Madam, in the he
We put fresh garments on

Kent. Good Madam be
I doubt not of his tempera

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